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## Chapter 1 by AxiomXIII

I choked momentarily as I stared across the altar. Fighting a moment of panic, I turned to gaze out over the assembled family of Frankie Ferone, sweat beginning to form tiny droplets on my brow. "Say Something, idiot," I thought to myself. "Say something while you still have a tongue to say something with."

The silence was growing too long, and out of the corner of my eye I could see Ferone beginning to straighten his tie in impatience, the way he always did before he started in on someone. I gulped and took a breath, looked directly across the altar and said the only two words that I could say and still leave the church alive. "I do." The assemblage of criminals, thugs, goodfellas, and toughs burst into applause.

## Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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